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Ricky wasn't sure what had woken him. He rolled onto his back, tongue running over his teeth.

His mouth felt dry. From the corner of his eye, he could see his phone light-up.



Ricky pulled his hat over his eyes, immediately regretting reading Chris' message. It felt about a decade too soon for him to be conscious again. But here he was.

On the gangway, he could hear the sound of someone staggering. Bathroom, he guessed. He rolled, back to the source of the sound, and picked up his phone.

Chris

Are you awake?

Rick?

GO TO SLEEP!

Can't

Talk to me?

fine

Ricky sighed, he guessed he was awake now anyway. He waited for Chris to reply, scrolling. There was another sound and Ricky frowned, flicking the curtain up. Chris was crouched, peering at him; round eyed and still smeared in make-up. He looked like a very tired ghost.

Before he could start to argue Chris had climbed in beside him. Ricky squirmed back, squashed on all sides.

'Chris,' he hissed, 'no way, there's no space—'

'Shh,' Chris said, 'if you just... like this.' Ricky rolled trying to get away from him, laughing breathlessly as Chris' hands skated over the ticklish part of his waist. 'Rick, shut up,' Chris told him, though he was starting to laugh as well. Chris had flipped him onto his stomach, half-laying on him, in order for them to fit in a space only marginally wider than a coffin.

The pressure of Chris' weight on his back wasn't unpleasant. In fact, his mind was going a bit too far the other way. Considering how close they were squeezed together, he was very, very grateful to be lying on his front.

'So, um... what do you want to talk about?' he said, trying to distract himself. Chris didn't speak, thigh suddenly pushing up between Ricky's.

'Chris!' he squeaked, but he knew it was too late.

'Are you...?' Chris said and Ricky could feel his hair brushing his cheek.

'Don't,' Ricky said, face burning, 'I can't help it! You're all hot and breathing on me.'

'I'm hot?' Chris said, snorting, and Ricky could feel him smiling against the shell of his ear.



'Temperature, asshole,' he grunted, '—can you leave then?'

'Leave?' Chris asked.

'Yeah.'

'It's okay,' Chris shrugged. '—go ahead.' Chris shifted his leg again and the pressure was so sweet it made Ricky's toes curl. Before his brain had formed a coherent thought, Ricky bucked back into him.

'Oh,' Ricky exhaled, feeling a matching erection. 'Want me to go now?' Chris said. Ricky shook his head. 'We have to be quiet though, okay?' 'No shit,' he whispered, arching back to make Chris curse. Which he did. Loudly.

Chris' hands were stroking over his stomach and up his chest. His thumb slid under the waistband of Rick's jeans. Ricky felt his cock throb. Chris' hand slid into his jeans, cupping him through his underwear. Chris hummed into his hair, leaving a sticky trail of kisses down his neck. Ricky squirmed. He could hear Chris swearing softly under breath. 'Rick... fuck... Rick, let's...' Chris mumbled, pulling at Ricky's clothes blunt nails scraping on his hip.

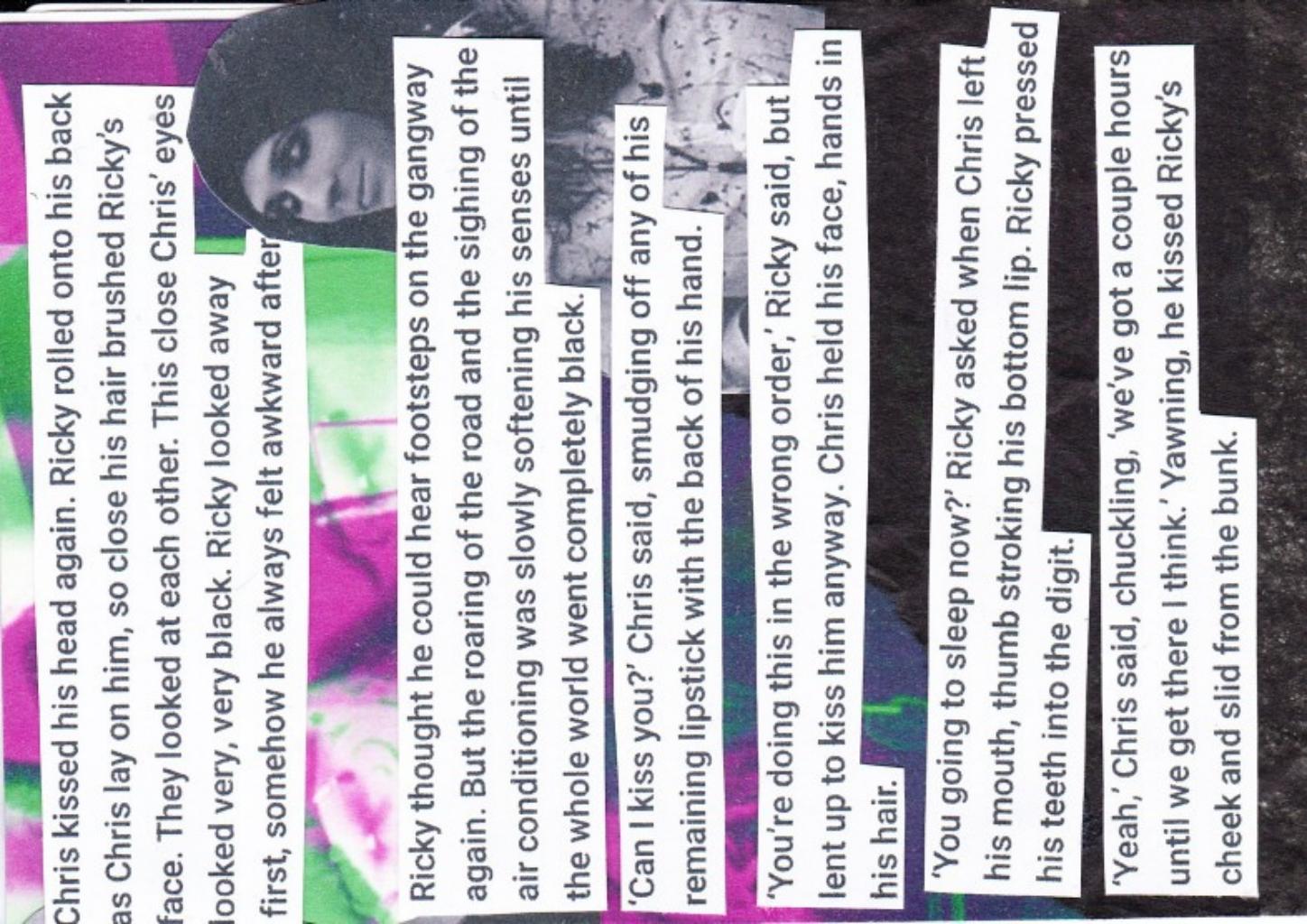
Ricky wormed his hands free and pushed his jeans down his thighs. He could feel Chris' movements and guessed he was stripping down as well.

Chris lent closer to him again and Ricky could feel a hand in front of his face.

'C'mon,' Chris said, pressing the hand to Ricky's mouth. 'What?' he said, muffled by the hand.

'Spit,' Chris said into his ear. Ricky's mouth had half-formed a why when his brain ticked over. He spat and Chris started to kiss his neck again. Ricky had to bite his wrist to keep himself quiet when Chris' spit-slick cock pushed between his thighs.

'Chris,' he said, breathing uneven, '--harder.' Chris snorted softly, taking his hand away to lick it again. Ricky felt it return and grip his cock tightly. He groaned, feeling teeth sinking into his skin. Ricky pressed back, the drag of teeth going straight to his cock. He felt the edge of his orgasm when Chris started mouthing his shoulder again. He gave a few more clumsy thrusts, feeling his deep internal muscles clench. Ricky groaned in his throat, nearly biting through his lip as he came in Chris' hand. Chris exhaled through his teeth and Ricky felt him jerk and come, wetting between his thighs.



Chris kissed his head again. Ricky rolled onto his back as Chris lay on him, so close his hair brushed Ricky's face. They looked at each other. This close Chris' eyes looked very, very black. Ricky looked away first, somehow he always felt awkward after

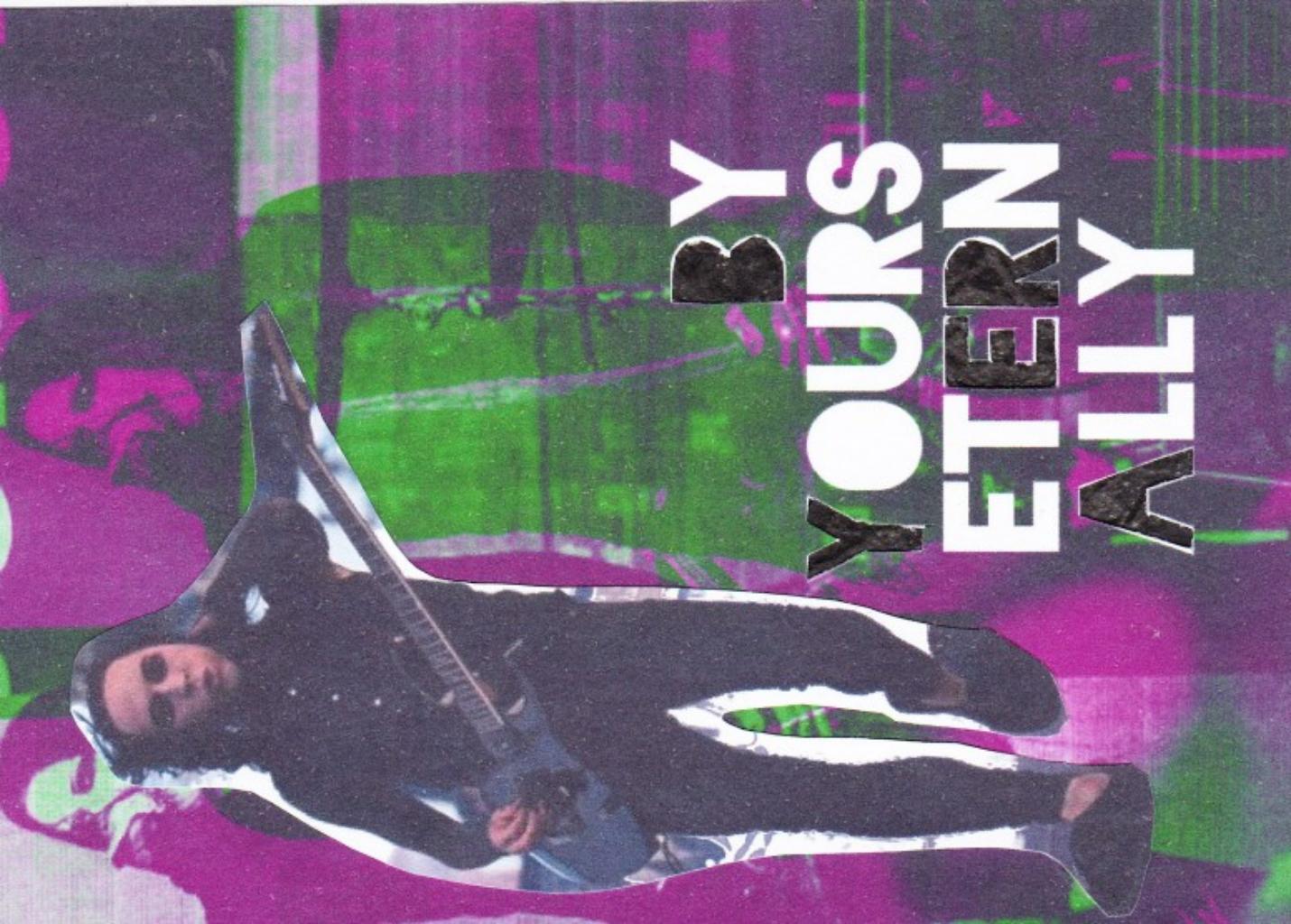
Ricky thought he could hear footsteps on the gangway again. But the roaring of the road and the sighing of the air conditioning was slowly softening his senses until the whole world went completely black.

'Can I kiss you?' Chris said, smudging off any of his remaining lipstick with the back of his hand.

'You're doing this in the wrong order,' Ricky said, but lent up to kiss him anyway. Chris held his face, hands in his hair.

'You going to sleep now?' Ricky asked when Chris left his mouth, thumb stroking his bottom lip. Ricky pressed his teeth into the digit.

'Yeah,' Chris said, chuckling, 'we've got a couple hours until we get there I think.' Yawning, he kissed Ricky's cheek and slid from the bunk.

A person is lying down, playing an electric guitar. They are wearing a dark t-shirt and light-colored shorts. The background is a vibrant, abstract mix of purple, green, and pink. The text "YESTERDAY" is written vertically in large, bold, white letters with black outlines.

YESTERDAY